

## The Evening World

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### The Evening World First.

Number of columns of advertising in The  
Evening World for 12 months, ending  
January 31, 1904.....12,231 1/2  
Number of columns of advertising in The  
Evening World for 12 months, ending  
January 31, 1903.....7,856 1/2

INCREASE.....4,374 1/2

This record of growth was not equalled by any  
newspaper, morning or evening, in the United States.

### THE CANAL AT LAST.

The Isthmian Canal project has been steered safely  
through as rocky a course of diplomacy as any great en-  
terprise has ever had to traverse.

Twenty years ago the Arthur Administration con-  
cluded a treaty with Nicaragua ceding to us the control of  
a strip of land for canal purposes, but President Cleveland  
withdrew it before the Senate could act upon it. Most  
Americans thought then and later that the only possible  
route was across Nicaragua, and the chief obstacle seemed  
to be the Clayton-Bulwer treaty with England. Some-  
times we negotiated with the British Government for the  
abrogation of that treaty and sometimes we threatened  
to abrogate it ourselves and build the canal, as Mr. Bryan  
wanted to coin silver, "without waiting for the aid or  
consent of any other nation."

When Secretary Hay arranged a substitute for the  
Clayton-Bulwer agreement the Senate amended it to  
death. By the time a new Hay-Poncote treaty was  
finally ratified we switched over to the Panama route.  
We succeeded after unexpected difficulties in negotiating  
a treaty with Colombia and eventually our Senate was  
induced to ratify it. Then the trouble was transferred  
to Bogota and it was found necessary to have a new re-  
public made to order before the bargain could be com-  
pleted.

With yesterday's vote of the Senate all these long-  
drawn preliminaries have come to an end. Hereafter  
the only thing to do on the Isthmus will be to dig. Pres-  
ident Roosevelt's successor ought to be able to press the  
button that will let the water into the completed canal  
and make New York the chief port of the Pacific.

### PILE ON THE LOADS.

Senator Brackett has introduced a bill requiring all  
the public school children of the State to submit to in-  
struction in the principles of morality for at least four  
hours a week, ten weeks in every year. They are to be  
studied from suitable text books and to pass examina-  
tions as in other studies.

This is clearly a step in the right direction. In the  
first place, the instruction is needed, as a glance at Mr.  
Brackett's colleagues in the Legislature would show. In  
the next place, the children are pining for something to  
occupy their time.

At present, in default of anything better to fill up  
odd moments, the pupils learn something about reading,  
writing and arithmetic—not very much, it is true, but  
still something that could very well be replaced by more  
important matters. At home most of them waste at least  
an hour and a half a day in eating and several hours in  
sleeping. Sometimes, although we admit this is rare,  
some of them have been known to play.

The ideal school system is one in which the children  
shall be instructed all day in the principles of morality,  
the effects of narcotics and intoxicants upon the human  
system, the arts of crocheting and feather-stitching, and  
the methods of diagramming Browning's poetry, and  
shall sit up studying the next day's lessons all night.  
To those malcontents who insist that the course should  
include a little training in the three R's it is enough to  
say that this is superfluous, since before the children of  
this ideal system reached a stage at which they would  
have any use for these accomplishments they would all  
be dead.

### A NOVELTY IN WAR.

According to a high Russian authority, "the war will  
end in August or September with the complete defeat of  
the Japanese." Possibly; but, if so, Russia will have had  
the satisfaction of creating an entirely new precedent in  
history. Can anybody recall a single case in the annals  
of the world in which a power, alert, ready, energetic and  
perfectly organized for war, has been completely defeated  
in six months by one apathetic, unready, slothful and un-  
organized, whatever the difference in bulk?

### NO FEMALE ANGELS?

The Rev. Dr. Kaylor, of Westminster, L. I., insists  
that there are no female angels in heaven. "Angels," he  
says, "are strong and glorious creatures, ranking next  
to the Son of God, and doing His work."

Dr. Kaylor ought to know all about it, if anybody  
does; but, granting the correctness of his definition, why  
should it exclude female angels? Are there no "strong  
and glorious creatures" among women? Perhaps Dr.  
Kaylor has never happened to glance over the golf links.  
"Strong and glorious creatures"—why, really, that  
comes near to being the very definition of modern  
women. A woman has to be strong and glorious now-  
adays—glorious to catch the eye and elusive modern  
man; strong to hold him after she has caught him.

No doubt the Rev. Dr. Kaylor knows all about angels.  
The trouble is that he still has much to learn about  
women.

Called and Called Back.—When a man enters upon a  
public career it is not uncommon for him to do so in re-  
sponse to an impulse he terms a "call." Then it is a fair  
assumption that when he leaves the pulpit for an-  
other occupation he has been called back. The Rev.  
John Hooper, who has been ministering to a flock in this  
city, has quit and gone into the upholstery business.  
There is a chance to do good in any walk of life. The  
pastor looking forward and upward may have in mind  
the word "Upholsterer," and he does not have to forget  
in what he goes into upholstery.

# The Great and Only Mr. Peewee.

The Most Important Little Man on Earth.

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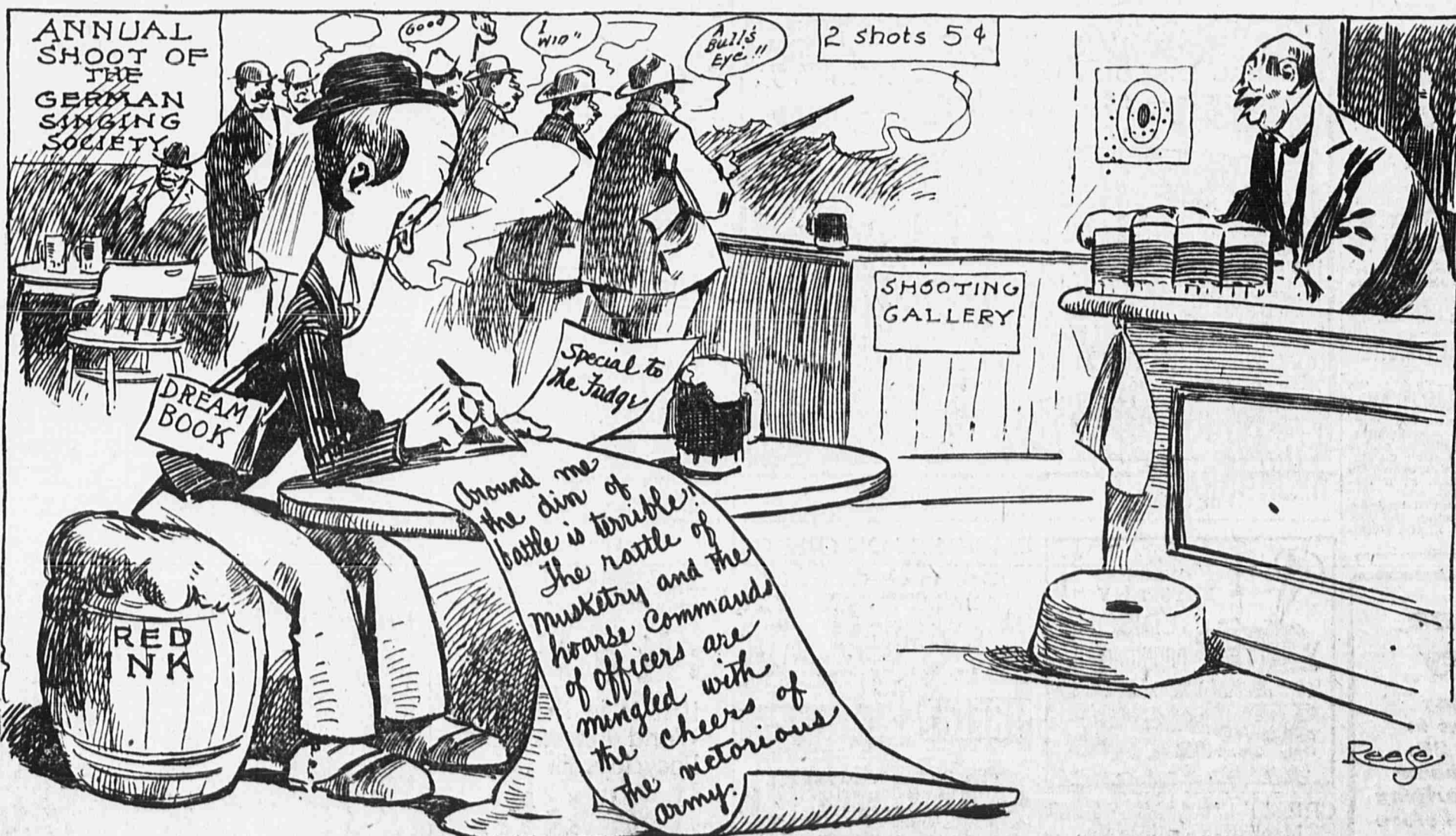
Mr. Peewee Demonstrates that He Is a Great Equestrian.



To-Day's \$5 Prize "Evening Fudge" Editorial Was Written by H. Lawrence, 119 Plane St., Newark, N. J.

PRIZE PEEWEE HEADLINES for to-day, \$1 paid for each: No. 1—WILLIAM ELLIOTT, 604 Eighth avenue, New York City. No. 2—MARK GOLDBERG, 1701 Lexington avenue, New York City. No. 3—GEORGE W. SMITH, 429 Forty-sixth street, South Brooklyn, N. Y.

To-Morrow's Prize "Fudge" Editorial Gook "Four Hands as Against Two."



"Evening Fudge" War Correspondent at the Front—Doing His Work at Home



"I SEE," said the Cigar Store Man, "that some people say the lid is made of cheesecloth and is full of intermissions."

"Skiddoo," replied the Man Higher Up. "The lid is made of real stuff and Jimmy Hope couldn't drill a hole in it the way it is clamped on now. New York was never such a tight proposition in years; but, at the same time, there is always something doing. The stranger within our gates who carries a load of ennui is a man who likes that kind of a load, while the New Yorker who is looking for excitement can get his at any hour of the day or night if he knows where to drill for it.

"Nobody has a license to make a yammer on this condition. They would have if New York was raw. If McAdoo can keep the lid down for a year the people who think it ought to be punched full of air holes now will begin to like it.

"After the last election sure-thing men, guys with the big mitt and strong-arm persons of every description flocked to New York from all over the United States. Lots of them came here with bankrolls. They have gone back. The bunch that came on shoestrings are panhandlers, if they are too strong to work. I saw a guy who used to think he was a fly mug out in Chicago when he had a percentage in a cigar-store poker game massaging the windows of a saloon with a big piece of chamoliskin the other night. He came here to be in the front row on the first of January. Now he is in the front row at the free-lunch counter.

"The gamblers who are willing to take a chance work with steers. When they locate a sucker they want to outgeneral they rent a room and tout him to it. Then they give him any kind of a game he asks for, and when he gets next to himself and passes between the green lights with a squeal the bulls go around and find that the men who have turned the trick have done their getaway. There are many gamblers who are willing to cut in on this sort of thing now that would have chewed scenery for a week if you had suggested it to them a year or two ago.

"The lid is all right. In the course of a few months the swarm of crooks who came to New York with the expectation of being allowed to walk up Broadway with a jeweled sandbag will be working in backwoods communities with a round smooth stone tied in the toe of a sock."

"But there are pool-rooms running in Harlem," protested the Cigar Store Man.

"Sure," answered the Man Higher Up. "There would be pool-rooms running in Harlem and in Brooklyn and downtown if Dr. Parkhurst was Mayor and Rev. Thomas Slicer was chief of police."

### Trading Stamps and Matrimony.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

"The newly made husband waited for his young wife to make a move toward departure, but she did not stir. She was evidently waiting for something.

"What's the matter now?" queried Justice Bossett, who had married them.

"Trading stamps," tersely returned the bride. "You don't give them? If I had known that I wouldn't have been married here."

—Yesterday's News Item.  
A BONUS with a husband! Trading stamps with the marriage certificate! Such, apparently, is the latest development of Jersey Justice.

Scarcely two weeks ago a veteran Jersey Magistrate astonished the inhabitants of Plainfield by announcing that he would marry all couples free of charge, such was his predilection for matrimony and his desire to encourage it among his townspeople.

For the few days immediately following his announcement of his phenomenal bargain in marriage certificates he did a land-office business. And then younger and more interesting rivals

who had watched the ranks of lovers wending their purposeful way past the unsympathetic places where a fee was charged, conceived the trading-stamp idea, and forthwith it became known that there were magistrates who were not only anxious to perform the ceremony free, but were actually willing to give trading stamps for the privilege, and on certain bargain days in matrimony double the number.

A doubtful point about this trading stamp idea, however, is what the stamps are to be redeemed with, and how, taking into consideration New Jersey's rather stringent divorce laws, a sufficient number can be got together to make their accumulation worth while.

May one take them back and get a new lamp for the parlor table, a set of quadruple-plated teaspoons or a new husband? Or with the far-seeing eye of the law, have the Jersey Justices provided green and blue stamps—it is taken for granted that they will be green or blue—which, if duly presented with the marriage certificate after a certain length of time, will entitle the holder to a free divorce?

This would, indeed, be philanthropy, and therefore, very probably, it's not the answer.

It seems strange, however, that marriage, universally accorded to be a good thing, should have to be put on the free list and the trading-stamp list to make it popular, while divorce, pronounced with equal unanimity a bad thing, should cost money and yet increase the number of its votaries every year.

### Why French Duel Was Fatal.

The fatal duel which took place recently at the Ile de la Grande Gatte is looked upon here as one more proof of the fact that dueling with foils is much more apt to be fatal when one of the combatants does not know how to fence, and that it is the non-fencer who is the less likely of the two to be the victim. The novice who knows nothing of the arts and foils familiar to those who frequent the "salle d'armes" is apt to be a very dangerous antagonist, and the more nervous he is the more dangerous he becomes. In this case the duel began with the usual crossing of swords and an attempt on the part of the experienced fencer to merely keep his adversary at a distance. All people who have witnessed an "assault" know the movement which is best described as dodging. The foils crossed each other for only about half a minute, when M. Ebelot, the inexperienced fencer, suddenly gave a lunge forward and plunged his sword into the side of the adversary, M. Lantier, just under the armpit. The unfortunate man at once fell, with his shirt soaked in blood and blood pouring from his mouth and nose, and in a quarter of an hour he was dead. M. Ebelot, who merely wished to administer a correction and had not the slightest intention of killing his adversary, was, of course, utterly horrified by what had happened.

### Rays of Radium.

The rays of radium are of three kinds. Those of one class are but feebly penetrating. Another class are negatively charged electrons moving at a high velocity, like those discovered in Crookes' tubes. A third class are not deflected by a magnet and are highly penetrating, like those of Roentgen.